

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME X. No. 34

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MAY 23, 1920

A Title of Honor.

BY EMILIE HENDERSON.

AT the sound of subdued tittering, Gilbert looked up from the book upon his desk and felt his face flush to the color of his hair. He knew without looking around that his glowing locks were serving as a mock flame, by which Tip Embree pretended to warm his hands. He had turned suddenly and found Tip thus engaged earlier in the day. This time he returned to his book with an attempt at a good-natured smile.

The attempt was rather a feeble one, however. Up in Canada, where he had lived until recently, the boys never laughed at his hair. Here, in this strange school, it was treated as a joke the very first day. "Well, let them laugh!" was his angry thought. "I'll never like them anyway!"

Had Gilbert not been so very homesick, he would have been less sensitive to a little thoughtless fun; but his longing to see the boys at home mastered him. It was a relief to hear the bell for dismissal.

As he started from the school-building, Waldo Kern opened acquaintance with him by calling sociably to him. "Say, it's a cold country up where you've been living, isn't it?"

"Pretty cold," answered Gilbert, briefly. In one short day he had learned that Waldo was a leader among the boys and distrusted him accordingly.

Tip ran past him at that moment. "Is that the reason you have to keep so warmly thatched, Headlight?" he flung back at him, laughingly.

"Oh, don't get so fresh, Tip," called Waldo.

"Headlight!" brooded Gilbert as he went on alone. "I suppose to strangers my hair seems to glow and flame like one. That Tip Embree tries so hard to be funny that he'll never stop till he fastens the name on me. I hate it!" He went on to his home, where he tried in a half-hearted way to give his mother an account of the day.

"Don't you like the new school, Gilbert?" she asked.

"Not so well as the old one," he answered evasively. "I'm younger than the other boys in my class. I don't fit in."

"But you were younger than the boys in your class at home," his mother reminded him.

"That was different. Anyway," Gilbert blurted out, "I'll never like these boys!"

"Oh, yes you will, I'm sure," was the answer.

Gilbert sat thinking moodily for a while, very much ashamed of his outbreak. His mother had been so glad to

return to her girlhood home here in the little village of Roseland. It was childish of him to mar her pleasure in this way. He made an effort at cheerfulness. "Why do they call the school Crab-apple?" he inquired.

"Do they still call it that?" laughed his mother. "Why, you see, there was once a little district schoolhouse here, surrounded by crab-apple trees. I suppose that when the little town sprang up, the name clung to the new building.

"The boys call themselves the Crabs," explained Gilbert. "They're going to have a ball game Saturday with the Beavers. I suppose they're the boys from Beaverton. I heard Tip Embree bragging about what he'd do to any Beaver that dared to call his team the Rosy-Posies. Of course boys would rather be called Crabs than such a name as that."

Gilbert heard a great deal about the game the following day. Beaverton was a village six miles distant. Between the boys of the two towns existed a long-standing rivalry. A ball game not long before had resulted in defeat for the Beavers. If they won this, the last game of the school term, they would proudly wear the honors through all the summer vacation. Such a result was not to be thought of! So excited were the Crabs over the prospect of the game that the new boy was almost forgotten. Wayne Forsman did show a friendly spirit by calling to him Friday after school, "Helloa, Gil, want to see this?" And he held up a picture he had drawn. It represented a beaver hurrying to cover from a shower of crab-apples with which it was pelted.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Gilbert, warming up at the name Gil, which the boys at home called him.

"Hang it up in front of the school after our game," answered Wayne. "Say, Headlight," he added, "you'll hear some yells when we come home tomorrow night." And Wayne walked proudly away, leaving Gilbert frowning at the sound of the hated name.

But Gilbert did not hear the promised yells. The Crabs returned very quietly the next evening, for the Beavers had won. There was deep depression over Crab-apple, and many were the reasons assigned for failure.



O fleur-de-lis, bloom on, and let the river
Linger to kiss thy feet!

O flower of song, bloom on, and make forever
Our world more fair and sweet!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The ball game was the all-absorbing topic of conversation for a few days, which fact served to increase Gilbert's left-out feeling. Two new interests, however, had sprung up for him. These were the study of farming and gardening, lately introduced into the school, and the school gardens that the boys had been urged to make. He fell into the way of hurrying home as soon as school closed, to work in his own garden.

One morning, as he was leaving his garden for school, Waldo Kern called to him, "Come on, Headlight, Captain Wray is coming to school to talk to us this morning."

"Who is he?" inquired Gilbert.

"Why, don't you know? He's the man that started the school gardens. They're his hobby. If he'd give a prize for the best one, as they do some places, you might win it; but he doesn't believe in prizes. He isn't stingy, though. He spent a lot getting the gardens started and gave the school library all those books on bugs and worms and soils, and feeding the nations, and so on, that you're so deep in. It's a good thing we've got one bookworm to bore into all of them."

Gilbert winced a little at the term "bookworm." These boys didn't seem to understand that he was just a boy like the rest of them and longing to be treated like one.

At school, when the boys entered, a fine-looking man stood talking to the teacher. After opening exercises, he turned his attention to the boys. "Every boy should know something of farming and gardening," he declared, "and at this time, when all ground possible should be made productive, each boy can help." Gilbert listened eagerly as he told of the scarcity of food materials, and the sufferings resulting therefrom. To him, the war had come much closer than to most of the boys in the States. For a long time the wounded had been returning to Canada.

He was more than ever interested now in his garden, and in the books Captain Wray had given the library. He took the books home and read them all. "He's fine, mother!" he exclaimed in a glow of enthusiasm. "And everything he has done for our school, he has done for Beaverton too. He used to live there."

Then, one morning, Captain Wray appeared at school with an exciting announcement: the school gardeners of Beaverton would visit Crab-apple the next day, and a contest would be held to prove which school was profiting most by the opportunities offered.

"Why don't you give us more time to study?" cried Tip, in dismay. Tip's time had been largely occupied with ball games.

"You have had time for study and practice," was the answer. "I want no cramming at the last. You don't remember long what you learn that way."

Cramming was indulged in that evening, however, in spite of this injunction. To the boys of Crab-apple, the result of the contest seemed almost as important as that of the World War.

The next day the Beavers drove up to the schoolhouse, and soon the playground was alive with an eager, boisterous crowd. Gilbert, pausing a moment in the entry

as he went into the school building, heard one of the boys outside ask, "Who's that boy who just went in?"

"That's Headlight," answered Tip. "I guess Canada hunted up the reddest head in the Dominion when it sent him to us."

"And you may get singed if you come in contact with him," warned Waldo.

Gilbert felt all his old anger rising. How he hated these boys and their silly jokes!

Visitors began to arrive, the pupils came in, and, when all were seated, the contest began. When he was a boy, Captain Wray explained, spelling-matches were held. He still liked the old plan of spelling down and would follow a similar one to-day. And the pupils were lined up, Beavers against Crabs.

The questioning began. The answers came promptly for a while; then some one hesitated, gave up and sat down. Two others did the same. After a while, wide gaps began to appear, especially numerous in the ranks of the Crabs. At last, but two Crabs, Gilbert and another, remained standing against half a dozen Beavers. Then Gilbert's neighbor went down, and he was left alone. He glanced down and saw Tip and Waldo, their eyes fixed upon him with strained attention; and an unworthy thought flashed through his mind. How easily he could get even with those rude boys! He had but to miss a question to give victory to the Beavers, who had never mistreated him. But no! He would do his best for the boys of his own school, and with the resolution came a sudden warm feeling of comradeship toward them. Three Beavers had just gone down, vanquished by the last question. Gilbert, tense with excitement, answered it.

At last, no one remained standing but him and one opponent—a large, solid-looking boy, who seemed very composed and sure of himself. Gilbert, on the contrary, was all strained eagerness. He must not fail! But oh, how disconcerting his opponent's composure was!

Captain Wray had finished a list of questions and now began another on one of the reference books that Gilbert had read at home. At the first question, a blank look came over the face of the Beaver, then he sat down heavily. Hardly had Gilbert answered it, when cheers broke forth for Crab-apple's victory.

Gilbert, the centre of an excited group, was soon receiving congratulations from both schools. His big opponent shook hands and manfully acknowledged defeat. "I told you you'd get singed if you got too close to him!" Waldo shouted. "A headlight is a warning, you know, and it's always in the lead."

As the Beavers drove away, Wayne turned from hanging his cartoon on the front wall and shouted, "Headlight on!" And Gilbert was hoisted to the shoulders of the Crabs and borne in triumph around the room. He thrilled with pride and joy. He was one of the Crabs now, and had made the hated name a title of honor. And the last little sore spot in his heart was healed when Captain Wray laid his hand on the shining head and said, "The fine thing about this head is that it is just as bright on the inside as it is on the outside."

Reputation is what people think we are. Character is what God sees we are.

A Queer Little Gardener.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

IT was a busy summer for all gardeners. June and Jack had their own plots, and worked hard to keep things weeded and watered. Of course they had helpers. The happy sunbeams and the jolly raindrops came down to do their share, and the robins and wrens helped to keep the growing things free from worms and grasshoppers.

But the hardest working helper of all was not at all pretty or bright or dainty. He was homely and quiet, and could not dance or patter or sing like the others. For he was just a common toad! He had come to live in the children's garden after having a great deal of trouble and worry.

First, a hungry long black snake had tried to catch him for breakfast. Next, a thoughtless boy had put him in a box and teased him, keeping him there for one awful day. So when poor Hoppy got away, he hurried his best to the first friendly row of green cabbages he saw, and that happened to be in June's garden. After that he decided to make his home in that pleasant place where two laughing, busy children pulled weeds, and sent cool streams of water out of a long hose that almost reminded Hoppy of that awful black snake!

June's bright eyes had spied him first. "O Jack! We have company! Come and get acquainted," she cried. Now the children's teacher and their mother had told them what a faithful, willing gardener little toads are; how they live on insects that would harm the tender plants.

So Jack and June greeted their visitor kindly. "Make yourself at home," said June to the homely little fellow. "You're welcome to all the bugs you can catch, Hoppy!"

One very hot day when the earth was parched and dry because the clouds were lazy and had not spilled rain for a week, Jack took his watering-can and gave Hoppy a nice sprinkling. The toad blinked and sat very still, as if enjoying his shower-bath greatly. "Thank you, boy," he felt like saying, as, cool and refreshed, he hopped off to catch some horrid green flies that meant to eat the rose-leaves.

"That toad is worth his weight in silver, at least," said a neighbor. All summer Hoppy worked his best for the children who treated him so kindly. Their garden was so fine, and they sold so many vegetables, that Jack declared their hop-toad had more than earned his board and room.

"Don't go away, please," June begged the funny little fellow when school began and the harvest was over. "We'll want you again next spring, you know." Hoppy Toad winked gravely at her. He had no idea of leaving his safe home. When the days grew shorter and the nights colder, he began to feel sleepy. Then what do you suppose he did? He just dug himself a nice cozy bedroom in a corner of the garden, and went to sleep in it!

Next spring he will come out, change his wrinkled old suit (and swallow it!); then in his new spring clothes he will be all ready to begin his garden work once more.

Scout: "Is a chicken big enough to eat when it's three weeks old?"

Rookie: "Why, of course not."

Scout: "Then how does it live?"



CAST OF "THE WISHING CAP."

Presented by members of Hyde Chapel Sunday School, Gee Cross, London, England.

The Wishing Cap.

AT a "Scholars' Party" given by the Sunday school of Hyde Chapel, Gee Cross, London, members of the school presented a little play named "The Wishing Cap," with great success. This is the story of the play:

It is Michaelmas Eve, and the servants of Durden Farm are assembled to celebrate the end of their year of service. Elsa, the farmer's little daughter, joins the party. A wish is expressed by some of the maids that they were rich. Katisha, a Gypsy Queen, enters, and suggests that they should find the "Wishing Cap." With evil designs she persuades the maids to take Elsa with them at night to the lonely moors in search of Will-o'-the-Wisp, said to keep the "Wishing Cap." On this expedition, during a panic among the maids, Elsa is stolen by the gypsies and carried away to their camp, where she is harshly treated. All are disconsolate; the farmer and his wife, unable to stay in the old house which reminds them of their loss, remove to a distant farm. Meanwhile the Fairies have been watching over Elsa, and she is unconsciously directed by them to her new-home and recognized. In the midst of the rejoicings, Jane, the scullery maid, who would not go in search of the "Wishing Cap," finds the latter in the midst of her work, and by its aid wishes Elsa into a Fairy Princess, there-



WILL-O'-THE WISP, AND BUTTERFLIES.

by changing the kitchen into Fairyland, on which the curtains falls amid great rejoicings.

News of this fine Sunday-school entertainment in England comes to us through a correspondence in the "Friendly Links," established by Miss Grace Mitchell among the Unitarian women of England, Canada, United States, New Zealand, and Australia, to cultivate fellowship and understanding. Would some of the young women readers of *The Beacon* like to be "Friendly Link" correspondents?

The Sheltie Stories.

BY EDNA S. KNAPP.

5. A VISIT TO THE KITCHEN.

"MISS DORIS has not been to see us for a week," I told Tatters one day in the early summer. "She came home some time ago, too."

"Master Carl brings us apples just the same," said Tatters. "So it does not make any difference."

"I know Alex takes good care of us, but I do miss my own dear Special Person," I sighed.

"You are silly," remarked Tatters, severely. "We have plenty to eat and can play with each other."

"I have seen a black automobile come every day for a week, and somebody said it belonged to the Doctor. I do hope Miss Doris is not sick," I thought anxiously.

Just then the barn door opened, sliding back with a bang that made us jump. "Here is Mr. Wayne himself. He doesn't often come out to the barn," I said softly to Tatters.

"Hello, Shelties," greeted Mr. Wayne, kindly. "Let's get this bridle on, Lady Bess, for I am going to take you into the house with me. Your poor little mistress has been sick in bed for a week and to-day she cried because she missed you so. She can't come to you, so I will take you to her."

On went the bridle, and I followed Mr.

Wayne, with my head held high, for ponies are not invited into the house every day. Up the back steps we went, and into an entry, then turned into the great room or stall they called the kitchen. "Keziah, keep an eye on this pony, will you, until I can bring Doris down?"

"All right, sor," answered Keziah, who was peeling apples. She stroked me awkwardly, then washed her hands and went to work again. She forgot to give me an apple, so I reached over and took one, and she gave a funny little cry. I got tired of waiting, so I went exploring a queer dark place that opened from the big kitchen-stall.

"Why, where's my pony?" asked Miss Doris's low voice, then suddenly she began to laugh.

"There's a tail sticking out of the furnace-room door," said Mr. Wayne. "Most likely Lady Bess is connected with that tail."

I was in a dreadful fix, for there was not room to turn around, and I couldn't see to get out. What do House-folks have such horrid places for? Mr. Wayne

backed me out very gently and led me up to my Miss Doris, who sat in a chair, wearing a wrapper that matched the geraniums she had in the winter. I whinnied very softly and showed my pleasure in every way I could while she stroked me. "I believe my pony is as glad to see me as I am to see her," cried Miss Doris.

"You are getting tired," said Mr. Wayne, in a few minutes. "Say good-bye to your pet, daughter." After one last hug, he carried Miss Doris upstairs and called Alex to take me back to the barn.

"How do you like houses?" inquired Tatters, curiously.

"They may do well enough for folks," I told him, "but no sensible pony would want to live in one. There are too many useless things around in the way. Ponies are best off where they belong."

At the Bridge.

BY H. O. SPELMAN.

WHEN the day is warm and sunny, And I'm tired of my play, I like to sit where the shadows flit On the bridge down by the bay. I see the waters ripple, Where a stone just shows its face; A little boat I see afloat In a smooth and shady place.

The leaves are in a flutter;

A turtle's on a stone;

The birdies hop in a high treetop

And I sit and think alone.

I am sure that God must love me,

Though I'm only a little girl,

Since he made for me the things I see

At the bridge where the waters whirl.



THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

CRESTALBAN SCHOOL,
BERKSHIRE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade at school. I go to the Unitarian church of Pittsfield. Mr. Joy is our minister, and Mrs. Hunter my teacher. We study "The Comparative Studies in Religion," which is very interesting.

The church is about seven miles from where I live and I have to walk one mile to the car every Sunday, but I enjoy going very much and go as often as I can.

I would love to be a member of the Club.

Your friend,
EDNA LOUISE DAVIDSON.

18 INDEPENDENCE AVENUE,
EAST LEXINGTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to join the Beacon Club. I go to the Follen Sunday school with my four brothers and sisters. I take *The Beacon* and we all like it; after we read it I send it to a little boy who used to go to our Sunday school but is in a Sanitarium now. He and the other children enjoy it too.

Yours truly,
WILBUR R. FLETCHER.

Church School News.

THE Unitarian church at Lynn and the First Congregational (Unitarian) Church at Uxbridge, Mass., have inaugurated the happy custom of printing on the church calendar, as an honor roll, the names of members of the church school who have not been absent for one or more months. In both schools the attendance is excellent. At Uxbridge it was doubled in four months.

The school of the Unitarian church at Atlanta, Ga., continues to publish its weekly paper, *The Liberal Christian News*, done by a boy printer, Harrison G. Edwards, who is a member of the school. The Unitarian church school at Portland, Ore., issues a sheet called *The Monthly News Box*, of which Henry F. Padgham, Jr., is editor. Why not exchange papers and ideas?

The Editor of *The Beacon* had the pleasure of greeting, during February and March, our church schools in Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, Palo Alto, Sacramento, Seattle, and Denver. Three schools—at Long Beach, Calif., at Bellingham, Wash., and Salt Lake City, Utah—met on the afternoon of a week-day to greet her and hear her message. The Editor sends greetings to the officers and members of these schools on her return to the Boston office, and hopes to receive news from each of them for this column in the autumn.

From Calcutta, India, comes a printed report of the Sunday school for Boys of the Church of the New Dispensation. In the year ending January, 1920, one hundred and fifty boys were enrolled. "Lives of Prophets and Saints," chapters on Prayer and Conscience, by Kes Nub Chunder Sen, with selected prayers, nature study, the Sermon on the Mount from the

313 PEACH STREET,
ERIE, PA.

Dear Miss Buck,—We enjoy the letters in *The Beacon*, so I decided to write one, too.

My little sister and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school here, and my mother is my teacher. There are eleven in our class now, and I have a new member to join the class next Sunday.

We are going to have a play next month, in which the children will be dressed as flowers.

We saw a letter in *The Beacon* from a little North Carolina girl who likes to read and has only a few copies of *The Beacon*. Mother reads the stories in it to us, then we fasten the papers together with fasteners. We have a roll of them ready to mail to the little North Carolina girl, and hope she will enjoy the stories and puzzles as much as we have.

Your friend,
RICHARD PINKS.

WEST BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am very interested in the *Beacon* stories. I can hardly wait for it to come. We are having very cold winters and have much snow and ice. I am thirteen years old and would like to join the Beacon Club. I would like a letter from any one in the Beacon Club.

Your faithful reader,
SIIRI HAKKARAINEN.

New Testament, moral stories illustrated by pictures and lessons in self-control and veracity are among the subjects given for the various grades.

The annual children's gathering, including also girls from the Girl's School, was held in the spacious hall of the Calcutta University. There was a recitation of the Vedic hymn by the girls, presentation of dramatic pieces by the boys and the girls respectively, and an address in Bengalee by the president, exhorting the boys and the girls to keep the path of virtue and shun the path of evil. The meeting closed with refreshments for the children. Our little brothers and sisters of the Liberal Faith in India have schools and festival gatherings in their church very much like those in our own.

God is Guiding.

BY M. A. YOTHERS.

I KNOW my God is guiding,
His love is over all,
In Him I am confiding,
He will not let me fall.

He paints with various brushes
The lily and the rose;
He times the songs of thrushes;
He whitens winter snows.

God knows his marvelous purpose;
I would not have him change
Through prayer, for my small purpose,
The universal range.

My God knows what He's doing;
Wrong's hold does not avail;
Through tempest wars be brewing,
His purpose cannot fail.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXI.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 3, 11, 8, 6, 15, 4, is the opposite of rough.
My 1, 13, 5, 6, is a relative.
My 2, 16, 17, 9, is a grain.
My 10, 7, 12, is to open a seam.
My 14, 4, 9, is an insect.
My whole is a country in South America.
FLOYD BANCROFT.

ENIGMA LXXII.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 5, 12, 9, is what hair is caught up with.
My 6, 8, 9, is a domestic animal.
My 7, 8, 9, 4, is tardy.
My 3, 4, 1, is two or more of the male sex.
My 11, 10, 5, is to travel fast.
My 2, 1, is a preposition.
My whole is a system of words.
DOROTHY MILLS.

TWISTED WILD FLOWERS.

1. Vlorec.
2. Eo! Yep Eedw.
3. Neordlgod.
4. Oucbning Tbe.
5. Eפש Ualler.
6. Odigin.
7. Wiferdee.
8. Yadis.
9. Ucmas.
10. Tercubrupt.

MADELINE FOX
and
MARY HUSSEY.

ACROSTIC.

Fill each blank with a word of four letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the first letters of these words spell a girl's name.

1. When the — rang we started.
2. During vacation Bobby tried to — money.
3. Oliver won the —.
4. It was — for us to leave.
5. After the war, the soldier came —.
6. John was — to pay the debt.

Exchange.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A hollow for a statue.
2. One who is idle.
3. A girl's name.
4. Groups of cattle.
5. To rub out.

E. A. CALL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 32.

ENIGMA LXVII.—Treasure Island.
ENIGMA LXVIII.—William Shakespeare.
CITIES IN ANAGRAM.—1. Palermo. 2. Christiania. 3. Constantinople. 4. Jerusalem. 5. Milwaukee. 6. Tripoli. 7. Philadelphia. 8. Worcester. 9. Liverpool. 10. Singapore.
REBUS.—Spark.
MANY-HEADED FLOWERS.—Rose, nose. Pink, sink. Pansy, tansy. Holly, Molly. Clover, pllover.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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